91.

Robin and Kate: Or,

A badhusband converted by a good wife, in a dialogue betweene Robin and Kate.

To the tune of *Blew Cap.*

FArre in the Noꝛth Countrey (as I haue heard tell)
there lines a blithe couple cau'd Robbin and Kate:
This Robbin doth lone nappy liquoꝛ ſo well,
that he'll be at th'Alehouſe both early and late
The wife to her husband
ſ'th moꝛning doth ſay,
I pꝛethée ſweet Robin
at home with me ſtay,
Thou waſteſt thy time,
and ſpendeſt thy chinke,
Turne backe agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke

Man.

I pꝛethee ſweet honey be patient and quiet,
I'me ſure thou want'ſt nothing thats fit foꝛ thy ſtate,
Thou lackſt neither money, apparell, noꝛ diet,
if any thou doſt, doe but ſpeake and thou'lt ha'te:
Thou haſt all the good
that a wife can deſire,
Tha'ſt ſeruants to 'tend thée,
and I pay their hire:
Then foꝛ my good-fellowſhip
doe not thou pꝛate,
For I muſt and I will
have my humour ſweet Kate.

Wife.

Tis chiefly thy company that I doe want,
beſides, though we now haue ſufficient to liue,
Pet if thou the Alehouſe thuſ dayly doe haunt,
we may become fitter to take than to giue:
Sweet husband conſider
and take my aduice,
Let not thy companions
thus leudly intice
Thy heart from thy Kate,
but vpon my woꝛds thinke,
Turne back agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke.

Out, out, beldchy twattle and doe not thus pꝛeach,
Ile not be ruld by thée whatener thou ſay,
Séeke not by peꝛſwaſions my minde to ouer-reach,
foꝛ Ile to the Ale-houſe as faſt as I may:
If thither thou followu,
thou welcome ſhalt be,
So thou wilt be quiet
and pleaſant with me,
Stay here oꝛ ga with me,
tis both of a rate,
But I muſt, and I will
have my humour ſweet Kate.

Wife.

Waes me bonny Robin, that ere I was married,
vnto ſike a husband that ſeekes my vndoing,
I wou'd with my mother at home I had tarryde,
oꝛ thought vpon this when thou firſt cam'ſt a woing:
I thinke in my conſcience,
(and I haue cauſe why,)
That thou lou'ſt ſome other,
farre better than I:
Thou haſt to ſtay with me,
then what may I thinke,
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Man.

Nay now I finde Kate wheꝛeabout thy ſhone woings,
by this I pꝛeceiue that of me thou art iealous,
But I foꝛ my part neuer dꝛeame of ſike things,
I ſéek not foꝛ wenches, but honeſt good fellowes:
A pipe of Tobacco,
a Pot oꝛ a Jugg,
Theſe are the ſweet bonies
that I kiſſe and hugg:
All tunching delights
are with me out of date,
But I muſt and I will
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The ſecond part [To the ſame tune.

Wife

I Prythée my Ioy doe not take at the worſt
the words that I ſpeake in the heat of affection,
No euill conceit in my boſome is nurſt,
Ide haue thee be rul'd by my louing direction:
I t hink thou art honeſt
to me in thy heart,
But company ill
maydraw thee apart:
To waſtefull expences
thy minde doe not linke:
Turne back agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke.

Man.

Gude wife be perſwaded, and let me alone,
forall thy vaine prattle will prone but mere folly,
I tell thee my heart will be cold as a ſtone,
if I ſtay at home I ſhall be melancholy
Ile make my ſelfe merry
as long as I'me ſtore
Muth Kate never thinke on't
we'ſt neuer be peace:
Shall I ſtay at home
onthy fancy to waite,
No I muſt and I will
have my humor ſweet Kate.

Wife.

Why Robin when firſt thou didſt marry with me,
thou thoughtſt thy ſelfbeſt whé thou ſtraidſt with me lo-
Now comes the caſe thus to be alter'd with thee, (geſt,
true loue by much vſage will grow to be ſtrongeſt:
But now thou art weary
of my company,
And canſt not be merry,
I prythée Loue whye
Thou gin'ſt me occaſion
ſtrange matters to thinke,
Turne backe agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke.

Man.

Oh who won'd be troubled thus with a foole,
I prythée ſweet heart take one word for thy learning,
I ſcorne that my wife ouer me ſhould beare rule:
why Kate, doe I ſpend any thing of thy earning?
I loue thée as well
as I did the firſt day,
And yet when I liſt
I will goe or Ile ſtay,
To be at command
of my wife, I doe hate,
For I muſt and I will,
haue my humor ſweet Kate.

Wife

Alas my deare Loue thou miſt akeſt me much,
I doe notcommand thee, thats not my intention,
For my humble duty vnto thee is ſuch,
that one word of anger to thée Ile not mention
Examine thy heart,
and thou ſhalt vnderſtand
I giue thee good counſell,
I doe not command:
Then with diſcretion.
vpon my words thinke,
Turne backe agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke.

Man.

Ah now my ſweet Kate I perceiue very well,
thy words doe proceed from a hearty affection,
Now all my delight in thy boſome ſhall dwell,
Ile euer be ordred by thy direction
My former ill husbandry,
I will repent,
And in thy ſweet company,
will well content:
Strong Liquor no more,
ſhall impaire my eſtate.
Now Ile ſtay at home
with my bonny ſweet Kate.

FINIS.

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